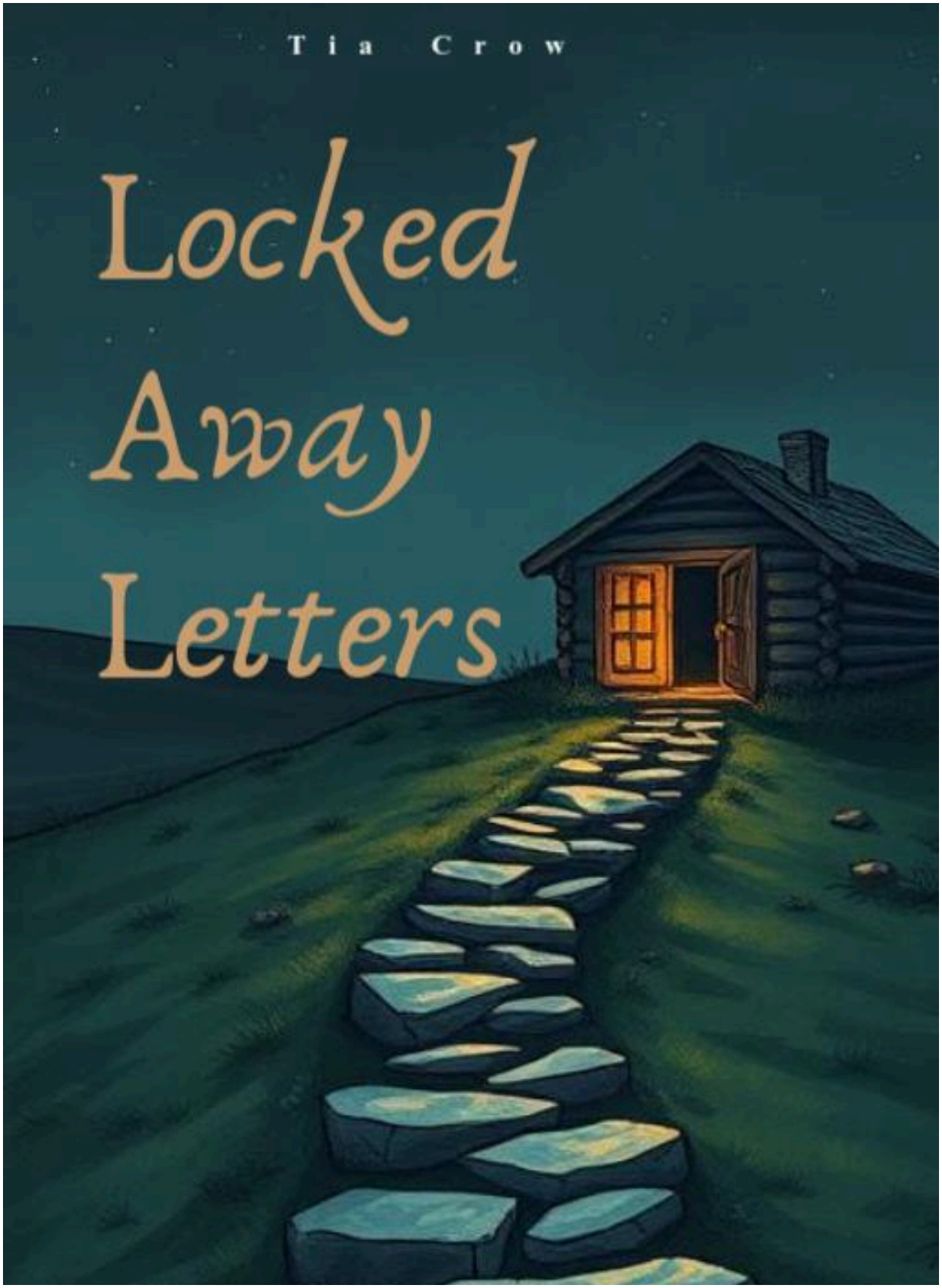
Tia Crow

Locked Away Letters



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Tia Crow is a 16 year old writer, who wants to share her story with the world. She wrote this poetry book to take readers through her life, in hopes that her bravery in speaking out about herself at a young age will inspire others to do the exact same. Locked Away Letters is a poetry book, with every short chapter being another piece of writing about this young womans struggles and her childhood, that was cut short.

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LOVE ME

I wish I could understand you. Maybe if I understood, I wouldn't have to struggle to love you. Maybe if I understood, I wouldn't have to look to other men to show me the love you failed to give me. I'm glad you didn't love me. If you loved me, I wouldn't be as happy with my life as I am Right now. I found the people that showed me what love actually is. I'm happy, but I wish it didn't take starting my addictions for you to realize I'm your child. I'm not your child anymore. To be frank, I never really was. I was just something you made in hopes I'd help you love another woman. I like me now. I wish I always liked me. I wish it didn't take me not loving my own father just so I could love me.

TEAL BATHINGSUIT

I always thought I was your favorite cousin because I was funny and I kept good secrets. If little me knew I was only your favorite because I looked good in my skirts and teal bathingsuit. Because of you, I hat skirts, teal bathingsuits, trading guitars, and snails. I also hate being the favorite. I hate drawing cars, I hate Bei Maejor, and I especially hate midnight swimming. When I think of all these things, I feel your 15 year old fingers on my 9 year old skin. I wish I was your favorite for being funny. I wish I was your favorite for the secrets that I still have on lockdown. I will always remember that thing you said. "I love that teal bathingsuit, hun."

TWO PEOPLE

I wish I knew why I can't sit here and deal with the fact that its not my fault I can't deal with not giving someone what they want. I know it's okay if I can't do it. But I feel guilty. It's like there's two people living in my body. One person tells my brain that it's okay I can't always show off my body. The other person likes to lock away the first person and tell my brain that submitting to be what other people want is the only way I'll get what I want. I only want one thing. I want to be wanted. But there are things I must do to get that. One person inside me doesn't agree. The other knows it's true.

BUT, WHY?

One thing I never want to do again is love him. I don't understand how I did it the first time. His name was engraved in my heart, my mind, and my thigh. I gave him everything. I changed for him. I wasn't me anymore. I wasn't the girl he met. I was the girl who watched him almost kill his brother over weed. I was the girl who watched him almost die every night because he liked pills. I was the girl his own mother asked to babysit her 4 year old son because her other children were too mean. I loved him, but at what cost? He didn't even love me back. He was the kind of person to only love when he was sober. He was never sober. But I loved him. Never again.

CALL BOY

We thought you died. We thought you actually did it. I never would have thought I'd be sitting outside, thinking I lost my shark. While I cried to my mom, you were alive and laughing with a girl who knew. It made me overthink if it was a smart choice to defend the name I thought didn't have a body. I wish I stayed a little longer to see for myself that it was a lie. It makes me think about what else was a lie. Did you love me? Did you ever hurt? Did I even matter when you lied to me?

FIT THE DRESS

One thing my grandma taught me, was that there will never be skinny enough. She taught me, that to be loved, meant I can't have holes in my face or ink in my skin. I also can't have too much meat on my bones, or nobody will want me. I can't act a certain way. I most definitely should not wear makeup or eat in front of a man. I can't like girls. I can't be loved by a man with nothing to offer me. And yet, I do all these things. I cuss. I want holes in my face, and ink in my skin. I like girls and boys. I am in love with a man with little to offer me. But he's enough, and so am I.

PROJECT DREAMCATCHER

I don't like to sleep. I stopped trusting sleep after the night I called you. You hurt not only me, but you put my family through what you did. I didn't mean to fall asleep on you, and you were trusted with that. You broke that trust like it was a bone in my body. You said my name like you craved me rather than trying to take me from my dream. You made my dad pace around the house, trying to figure out what to do because he heard the disgusting ways you spoke to me in my sleep. I will never trust you again.

SPOONS

I only like to cook with plastic and metal spoons. After I lived with her, I soon learned that wooden spoons were meant to hurt people, and cook the food you'll serve them soon after. spoons shouldn't hurt. Spoons shouldn't be something someone fears because of one person. Spoons should be something someone looks at, and gets excited for a bowl of icecream. They should think of breakfast, not crying, begging your grandmother to stop because it wasn't you who took the last chili pepper. I hate wooden spoons.

DUCKY

Baths are scary. Baths are where scary things happen. If you ask me, baths are where monsters, made by your own paranoid thoughts of getting hurt again, come to get you. My monsters all have big bellies and my cousins voice. My monsters make me want to hide in the safety of what the water will do to my lungs. My monsters aren't monsters. They are thoughts. Thoughts of the people that harmed me, and the child I once was. I want to escape. When I escape, I lay under the water, and stay until my body feels tight, or those magical words escape my mothers lips, calling me away from what would've been my forever hiding spot.

CHOICE 27

You told me there was nothing wrong with me. I thought you loved me. I know I loved you. They knew who I was. They knew my name. I didn't know their names. They also loved you. They were who you loved. 26 people came before me. They all knew.I didn't know. I wish I did. I was the one who became your 27th lover. You swore I was the only one. That was until April 4th 2020. You finally told me about them. I mistakenly still loved you. Soon after, you gave up on me. I was happily no longer choice 27.

SMOKERS CHOICE

The smell of weed stuffed my nose like a thick goo, meant to fill your lungs until they exploded. I hated it. My tongue came into contact with a cold liquid I thought was tea. It was far too spicy and bitter to be tea. I drank it anyways, because my aunt told me it would taste better in coffee. She was right, but I felt off. My 7 year old mind couldn't place a word on how I felt. Later, I learned that what I was, was drunk off moonshine crossed with bud light. It tasted bad. I hated how I felt after that. I never wanted to drink that again. I think I'd rather feel that potent goo in my lungs.

FIXABILITY

She treated me like something broken. She told me She told me I needed to be fixed. There was nothing wrong with me. She told me not to speak, unless someone wanted me to. She made me feel like I was too loud. Too fat. Too childish. Too everything. She made me sleep by rats, and take baths in a pond. She made me hate camping. She made me hate bus rides. She made me feel broken. And yet, I was never on her list of things to fix. I later realized I was not broken. I never was. I just was not her. That was the issue.

HIGH AND A LIAR

You are the reason I am who I am. The reason I liked the feeling of not being sober, and I liked sharp things that made my body sting. You're the reason I looked for a glimpse of home in strangers. I loved you, but I hated you when you pretended to care. I miss loving you. You were my father, of course I miss loving you. I just don't want to be high and a liar for you to love me too. Once upon a time, you were the one I called dad. Now he is. He will always be my dad.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

You always told me how beautiful I was. That shouldn't have meant my body. It should've meant my soul. My eyes, my smile, my laugh. Anything but how I sounded when you touched me on your bedroom floor at sleepovers. I would tell myself that it was normal, because we were best friends. I even told your mother what you did to me like it was normal. You made me hold your hand. You told my girlfriend you fucked me before I called her. You told my mother that you wanted to make me one. But after it all, you said I was beautiful. So it was normal, right?

SCREAMERS

I remember waking up from good dreams, then hearing the sound of mommy screaming because daddy had too much secret apple juice. Those were the times I would scream too. Daddy yelled a lot. Especially when I did something wrong, even though I didn't do anything wrong at all. I wish it didn't always start with mommy hurting. I was 3 on those mornings. Now I'm 16, wondering why he hurt her. Why he drank. Why he hurt me. I wonder why he didn't keep us safe like dads are supposed to. When 16 year old me closes her eyes, 3 year old me opens them, screaming at daddy to stop all over again.

WHAT HAPPENS

Something told me that I should've stayed in the trailer. I could've made dinner. I was old enough. Right? He was next door, "fixing pipes", while his three children were hungry, freezing, and alone in one of the many boxes in the lot. I knew I needed to get him from her bed, so he could tend to his 3 kids, who needed him. My feet were cold. My lungs hurt. I could hardly feel my body. When I found my father in bed with that woman, she told me to leave. I had to plead to have him come back. The children were inhaling black mold, and stepping in weak spots on the floor, trying to find food by the time I arrived. He didn't like that. I took blame by force.

CROW FEEDER

Sometimes, when I woke up in my small room, I would go a few rooms over and try to call help to say good morning. I knew he would get in trouble. maybe if I did it enough, they would come see what he did to me and my mama. Maybe they would see the black goo, or rotted floors, and help the four of us out. Our trailer had crows. They saw what he did to us. I would feed them, so maybe they would tell other crows how they were hurting. If they told their friends, maybe the crows would help me.

BROKEN PLATES

Hearing about a mother fighting with her son But seeing a son fight his mother is different, especially when the son is your father. It all became worse when you make sure they were both okay, even if only she deserved the reassurance. During these fights, all you hear is him screaming, her crying, you hear your dying grandfather begging him to stop, and you hear breaking dishes. All you can do, is sit there as if nothing's wrong, or he'll get you too. You never get a break. It only seems to stop when you fall into your mothers arms, her sweet safe smell of strawberries and vanilla filling your nose.

BUZZES AND BEATINGS

When I smoked, I felt fine. Well, I was fine when I was with my sister. When I smoked with you, I remembered when you hit me. I remembered my "dream". I remembered that the dream wasn't really a dreamYou actually kissed me. You actually held me still and forced your beard pickled lips against mine. When I told you to get off me, you hit me. Soon, I snap back to reality. I'll leave to go back to my sister, since they were why i felt safe, staying in your walls. When I got buzzed, I would relive the pain on my face, that was placed by your hand. I miss my sister.

QUITTER

Who would've thought it would take me telling a stranger what you did, for you to be honest enough with yourself to realize that your "babygirls" were gone. Even now, he's slipping away because you aren't trying to change. I need you to change. For us. But is it ever going to happen? I don't think it will. I wish it would. I think that after all, you have what you wanted this whole time. You have her back. Your first. When did we matter? Tell me. When did your other children matter.

HOPEFUL DREAMING

In a perfect world, you and my mother never met. In a perfect world, you would've treated her right. In a perfect world,you loved us. But this isn't a perfect world. You met her. You hurt her. You damaged us. You tricked us too. We thought you cared about us. If you did, things wouldn't hurt. I know things will, sadly, never change. You will never love us. You will always be the guy that makes me hate my real name, and why I love my mom just that little bit more, all because you couldn't.

DAUGHTER IN DADS FIELDS

My 8th year on this earth was my worst. While my father was in bed with other women, I took care of them. I was dad. I was the one they come to when they're hungry, thirsty, tired, or hurt. The role implanted a switch in my brain, that 8 years later, I'm still trying to rip out of me. I hate being dad. I also took care of my papa. It was hard. I couldn't take care of myself. I'm immature now. It's not my fault. I wasn't even me. I was him.

PINPOINTER

After all those times you believed me before, for some reason you don't now. You believed him over us. You know we weren't his first. And yet, it's impossible to think your baby boy would ever touch his cousins. You even blamed my trauma on my mother. She wasn't mad at you. But we were hurting. You knew everything he did. And yet, it was her fault. Wasn't it?

SANDY COLORS

During the weekends, I would remember sitting at AAA, in the huge sand pile, watching balls of paint fly through this net box filled with people. That place almost killed me. That place was what made me feel gross through the texture of sand. Feeling sand on my skin brings me to that sand pile, thickened with popped paintballs. I remember being shot with a paintball gun when I was 10, all to see if I could handle it. I couldn't. I still can't.

GROUND-BEAK FLINCH

I can't help but close my eyes every time there is sudden movements, which is what happens when someone hurts you your whole life. Sudden motions trigger a feeling of bruises, red marks, and scratches left on me when I was little. I usually tend to feel a sense of shame and guilt whenever it happens, due to seeing the guilt on the faces of others. I know it isn't fair for them to feel guilty, so I tear myself apart little by little, until I'm nothing but the many apologies I hurl at those who caused these reactions, even though they didn't mean to. It's not their fault I'm like this.

AFTER DEATH, HONESTY DIES

I can't help it. I hate being me. I would love to be anybody else for a day. Being myself is the hardest thing to do. I hate not being able to remember what I was supposed to do after I did my laundry, or what I was supposed to grab my mother from the bathroom. It's overwhelming most days. I want to be normal. I want to be organized, be focused, on whats important. I want to be normal. I hate having to wake up and remember everything I was supposed to do that day, whey I physically can't. I hate myself.

NOT A DAY MORE

You don’t get a place in my head any longer than you already have. After 16 years, you, my grandmothers, my cousin, my aunt, and uncle, have stripped away ev er drop of a good childhood I could’ve ever had. You don’t deserve to hold me back in live anymore. You don’t deserve me anymore. You never did. I can happily burn my chapters of you all, and I can finally move on, and live free. You damaged my life, and now, I have rebuilt it with the only people that matter. None of them are you.